

Copy sent me by Prof. Scott
and as now typed for both
copies of the Addenda

Written

who h

Interluded by W. H. Ireland

Arm Chair 10:0
4 Glass Dishes 11.15:0
2 pr. Cupboards 4-0-0
Washstand & Ware 2-0-0

G 1399

Six cft Georgian Plates }
Finger Bowl }
Sandwich } 1.2.0
China ware
Workbox

eman

er of

Henry 2d.

i writing

written

Strutt.

G 1400

Four Plates 1.6

G 1401

Three Wood Stands 1.6

Madame Elizabeth sister to the King.

Scene, a Prison. Lewis just rison from his Couch.

Sweet sleep this night hath rockd me in her Arms

And pure from heav'n some pityng Angel came

To sooth with airy dreams my care worn breast

The glittering tear stood trembling in myne eye

For very joy, and then a voice so soft

So melancholly sweet thrilld on my heart

In silvery accents thus addressing me

"Gentle Lewis sleep: Sleep sweet innocence

Ere long thy patient and saint like spirit

Freed from its earthly cloak shall take its flight

referred to
The note at the

beginning of the
does not say that
the scene was
written in Strutt's
presence but only
the emotion hand-
writing

Addenda

Interlude of Louis 16th
taking leave of his Family
by W.H. Ireland

Copy sent me by Prof. Scott
and as now typed for both
copies of the addenda

Written

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Lewis t

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The King

Santerre

Maria An

The Prince

Madame Elizabeth sister to the King.

Scene, a Prison. Lewis just rison from his Couch.

Sweet sleep this night hath rockd me in her Arms

And pure from heav'n some pityng Angel came

To sooth with airy dreams my care worn breast

The glittering tear stood trembling in myne eye

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So melancholly sweet thrilld on my heart

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"Gentle Lewis sleep: Sleep sweet innocence

Ere long thy patient and saint like spirit

Freed from its earthly cloak shall take its flight

Interlude by W. H. Ireland
of Louis 16th taking leave of
his family

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Henry 2d.

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Strutt.

W. H. Ireland

note in bot

begin that

is scene in the

of Potter family

1790

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1797 in which

on the death

Louis 16th are

referred to

The note at the

W. H. Ireland
does not say that
the scene was
written in Strutt's
presence but only
the emotion he had
writting

out outfitmen yet human who used your case
Bitter lesson given of love don as a present
say think of sister their second mother
say it message sped by the crown the crown
lesson paid to the people before
big man forget this terrible injurie
say should be the know the sense of your
per haffing bitz soon paid to kakkak tribe
say some time she never bearing in my sense
the offering of snow we must remember
hot uno from be owes a second debt
big man ready to repeat, saying fortune
else rescue him with her misses, less than paid him
and you first a giving husband, a brat
and son of the mother's best, now taste the meat
The subject of the soul above all indifference. (The King emprience
The Queen) (The King Kissa
the outfitmen) (The King Kissa
hope of any power of the heart innocence.
Sister when we shall yet meet again
Gardie I say.

Written by Wm. Henry Ireland at the instigation of a gentleman
who had doubt of his being capable of writing in the manner of
the Shakespere MSS. or of his being author of Vortigen & Henry 2d.
With a Specimen of Wm Henry Irelands imitation of the hand writing
of Shakespere . . . (exactly similar to the pretended MSS) written
by him in my presence & delivered to me Feby. 13. 1800.

B. Strutt.

Persons herein represented

Samuel Ireland

Men

Lewis the XVI. late King of France
The Dauphin his Son, then a Child
The King's confessor
Santerre General of the Parisian Forces

Women

Maria Antoniette Queen of France
The Princess Maria Teresa Charlotta her Daughter
Madame Elizabeth sister to the King.

Scene, a Prison. Lewis just rison from his Couch.

Sweet sleep this night hath rockd me in her Arms

And pure from heav'n some pitying Angel came

To sooth with airy dreams my care worn breast

The glittering tear stood trembling in myne eye

For very joy, and then a voice so soft

So melancholly sweet thrilld on my heart

In silvery accents thus addressing me

"Gentle Lewis sleep: Sleep sweet innocence

Ere long thy patient and saint like spirit

Freed from its earthly cloak shall take its flight

See W. H. I's note in his
G. Chapman's Barge that
he wrote this scene for the
prisoner of M. Pellerin
of Charing Cross

See S. I's diary under
March 31st 1797 in which
the lines on the death
of Louis XVI are
referred to

The note at the

Charing Cross
does not say that
the scene was
written in Strutt's
presence but only
the imitation hand-
writing

And joyful meet me in the upper heaven
The honeyd Music of this voice then ceased //
Since which my wandring brain hath been amazd
With pleasing and delightful fantasies. X

lusive

Heavens Will be done tis my last dream on Earth
And if as 'tis said Sleep be Deaths image
Would I had never from yon couch arose
But slept and dreamt a long Eternity.

Mrs. Freeman.

Yet hold, dead men nere smile as sleeping do.
One crimson flush perhaps oerspreads the cheek
Which soon into a livid paleness turns
And then all rots//and wastes away. O! Death

Methinks I see thee grim King of Horrors
Thy throne's a myriad of grinning skulls
Thy Footstool is a lusty youth in's prime //
Wreathing in the last agony. Thy Crown's

A toothless jaw and from each cavity X

"a winged arrow" springs with poison tipt

Thus incircled is this Monarchs temple

But how imagine his ghastly visage

Deep in each socket rowls a pallid flame

ghetting itself up on a mothers pangs,

and hungry grinning at the newborn babe

triumphantlly seals it for his own

whilst from his jaws the flesh devouring worms

Fantastick twine around his chattering teeth //

Kissing his morbid lips. O, horrible!

The dread thought chills & unnerves my manhood X

Avaunt then thou brain engenderd spectre

lest m' imagination kindle a flame
That godlike reason cannot quell.
O mighty and Omnipotent father
Terrible and all dread God of Justice
that from the adamantine gates of heaven
hurl'st down the swift and rattling thunderbolt
in whose right hand the deadly lightning glares
to thee O Lord incomprehensible
to thee I kneel and trembling beg for mercy
Support me through this last day of trial
Cheer with sweet hope my unprotected wife
my babes my innocent prattlers
Save them, and with a mercy sealing kiss
Take them forever to thy bosom Lord.
Engough, my Soul is now prepard for death

(Enter the Kings Confessor

Conf. How fares my honourd Lord?

Lew. why, well my friend.

As an innocent dying man should be
firm, steady, and resignd to meet his fate.

But say how does my Queen, my children too (Lewis weeps)

Conf. Even as the chaste unsullied snowdrop

Melting i' the air before a winters Sun
So they dissolve in pure unfeigned tears
yourself the Sun cause of all their sorrows

Lew. Alas! for them and not myself I weep

I've gone this world's pilgrimage they have not
O! tis a rugged path and no man knows
the cast of his own Die. the blooming flow'r

out opportunity for leniency who need your care
they keep them to love you as a parent
and think of a better start among mortals
but it is common among the crowd
including men of evil of the before mentioned
big men forget the former injuries
and should be the word the sense of power
perceiving that such men of rank forgive.
But some there are who bearing in mind
the offering to the church of their remittance
now unto them as owes a sacred debt
big men ready to sacrifice, sparing fortune
and your family a giving sparing, a bright
and soft the master, a soft, now taste the meat
the same day to go above all difference. (The King expresses
himself in offering a week sleep before
professing power of the Lord's innocence.
Brother signs we shall yet meet again
Gustavus I setting. Estremetti-sister-sister,
King. Queen.

bedeck'd in all its lady Livery
Should it escape elights dome and callin' gun
is but reserv'd for the drede gardners knife
so man though he scape danvers manifold
Perils unheard of yet he must be cropt
and trod upon unheeded as the flow'r
Tis strange tis wonderful, nias tis true.

(Enter Bruterre the general)

San. I come sire to war, you of my order

Lewis Speak General what is it

San. One hour is left you after the which
my order is that I conduct you hence.

Lewis I understand, but my wife, my children
May I not take one last and long farewell

Sent. That sir is by the assembly granted
and when it shall please you to admit them
myself will be their conductor hither.

Lewis. My time is short do it on the instant.

(Exit Santerre)

and if the blessings of a dying man
can avail, then surely thou hast mine
being the herald of such welcome news.

Con. Good my Lord compose yourself this meeting
needs all your firmness and resolution

Lewis I could be calm even on Vessuvius top
when seas of fire were swelling to its brim
that must oe'rwhelm me. But to have a heart
A parents feelings and not to know them

At such a time as this, would stop the base

I should betray a lack of charity
that great neav'n kissing attribute in man
Without which true virtue cannot exist.

(Enter Maria Antoniette, the Dauphin, the
princess his sister the princess Elisabeth
the King's sister and Santerre general of the
forces.

Queen My Lewis, my Lord, my husband,
Lewis O heart burst not thy prison and thou my soul
hold yet a while lest dying thus oe'r joyd
with earthly bliss my maker should forget me
Queen O, never my Lewis thy peace is made
two cherubs have sent orisons to heavn
would blot out a world of sins, thine are few:
Your babes, your weeping children look on them.
Dauphin Yes look on us, we have lispd forth our prayrs
indeed we have and our mother tells us
that God doth read our hearts & so he may
'twas himself alone that gave us those thoughts
we but receiv'd then sent them back againe.
Daughter Look on these beads, I've told them ore and ore
and here my father here is one alone
and parted from the rest, that is your bead
and see I've worn it smooth with kissing it.
Lewis. O Innocence, O blessed state of man
Come to my arms that I may kiss the lips
that knew so well to intercede for me.

(he kisses his children.

Eliz- My gentle brother I know your feelin's
aceth, the Yet drain not all your tears save one for me
King's sister

Your loving sister that hath wept whole nights
In memory of you. O traitor but this
and I will mock the rain distilling clouds
with weeping.

(King embraces his sister.)

Sant. It grieves me Sir to tell you, but indeed
Times glass hath run the hour, you must away
King. Sir, I attend you on the instant.
Queen. Aye and I shall thither also.

King. Not so
Our children yet remain who need your care
First teach them to love you as a parent
and think my sister their second mother
But if mischance should give my son the crown
Instruct him to live in the peoples hearts
Bid him forget his fathers injuries
and should he ere know the causes of them
Let melting pity teach him to forgive.
But some there are have perish'd in my cause
the offspring of such he must remember
For unto them he owes a sacred debt
Bid him repay it treble, should fortune
e're grace him with her smiles, teach him but this
and you fulfill a dying husband's pray'r
And act the mother's part. now fare ye well.

Queen. The anguish of my soul stops all utterance. (The king embraces
the Queen.)

King. Farewell my children & may sweet angels (the king kisses his
Protect and never e're your innocence.
Sister adieu we shall yet meet smiling (Embraces his sister.)
Guards I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.

Exit.

written by Mr. Henry Ireland at the instigation of
gentlemen who have doubt of his being author of writing
in the manner of the Shakespeare MSS. or of his being
author of Vortigen & Henry and. with a specimen of Mr.
Henry Irelands imitation of the hand writing of
Shakespeare .(exactly similar to the pretended MSS.)
written by him in 1819. delivered to me Aug. 1.
1820.

London, April 1820.

Dear.

Lewis the XVI. late King of France
The Dauphin his Son, then a child
The King's confessor
Ganterre General of the parisian forces.

London.

Maria Antoniette Queen of France.
The Princess Maria Teresa Charlotta her daughter
Madam Elizabeth sister to the King.
Scene, a Prison. Lady just risen from her couch.
Durst sleep this night hath roared in her ears
And pure from heav'n some pitying angel came
To sooth with airy dreams my care worn breast
A glittering tear stood trembling in myne eye
For very joy, and then a voice so soft

so deliciously sweet & milled on my heart
In silvery accents that express me
"Gentle Louis sleep: like, sweet innocence
Are long thy patient and saint like spirit
Free'd from the earthly cloak shall take its flight
And joyful meet me in the upper heaven
The honey'd music of this voice then ceased
Since which my wandering brain hath been assa'd
With pleasing andorative fantasies.

Heaven's ill be come into my last dream on Earth
And if as 'tis said sleep be death's image
Would I had never from you couch arose
But slept and dreamt a long eternity.
Yet hold, dead men here smile as sleeping do.

One crimson flush perhaps overspreads the cheek
Which soon into a livid paleness turns
And then all rots and wastes away. O! Depth
I think I see thee grim King of horrors
Thy throne's a myriad of grim ghastly skulls
Thy footstool is a lusty youth in's prime
Wreathing in the last agony. His crown's
A toothless jaw and from each cavity
"a winged arrow" springs with poison tipped
Thus incircled is this monarche temble
But how imagine his ghostly visage
Deep in each socket rows a pallid flane

shutting itself up in a mother's barge
and manly grinning at the newborn babe
triumphantly to do it for his own
whilst from his jaw the flesh devouring worms
fantastick twine around his chattering teeth
kissing his horrid lips. O, horrible!
The dread thought chills & unmerves my manhood
Avant then thou brain engendered spectre
left n' imagination kindle a flame
That Godlike reason cannot quell.
O mighty and omnipotent Father
Terrible and all dread God of Justice
that from the adamantine gates of heaven
hurl'st down the swift and rattling thunderbolt
in whose right hand the deadly lightning glares
to thee O Lord incomprehensible
to thee I kneel and trembling beg for mercy
Support me through this last day of trial
Cheer with sweet hope my unprotected wife
my babe by innocent prattlings
Save them, and with a mercy sealing kiss
Take them forever to thy bosom Lord.
Enough, my soul is now prepared for death.

(Enter the Kings Confessor).

Conf. How fares my honour'd Lord?

Low. why, well my friend.

As an innocent dying, as it should be
firm, steady, and resigned to meet his fate.
But say how does my queen, my children too (Lewis replies)
Conf. even as the chase unallied snowdrop
Melting in the air before a winter sun
So they dissolve in pure unfeigned tears
yourself the sun cause of all their sorrow
Lew. alas! for them and not myself I weep
I have gone this world's pilgrimage they have not
O! this a rugged path and no man knows
the cost of his own die. the blooming flow'r
Bedeck'd in all its gay Livery
Should it escape slighte damp and chilling blast
is but reserv'd for the dreme gardners knife
so man though he escape dangers manifold
Peril unheard of yet he must be crost
and trod upon unheeded as the flow'r
Tis strange tis wonderful, alas tis true.

(Enter Cantarre the general).

Dan. I come sire to warn you of my order
Lewis. Speak general what is it
Dan. One hour is left you after the which my order is that
I conduct you hence.
Lewis. I understand, but my wife, my children
May I not take one last and long farewell?

Sant. That fire is by the assembly granted
and when it shall please you to act it then
myself will be their conductor hither.

Lewis. By time is short do it on the instant.

(Exit Santorre).

and if the blessings of a dying man
can aught avail, then surely thou hast mine
being herald of such welcome news.

Com. Good my Lord compose yourself this meeting
needs all your firmness and resolution

Lewis I could be calm even on Vessavies top
when seas of fire were swelling to its brim
that must oe'rwhelme me. But to have a heart
a parents feelings and not to show them
at such a time as this, would stir me base
I should betray a lack of charity
that great heav'n kissing attribute in man
without which true virtue can not exist.

(Enter Maria Antoinette, the Dauphin,
the princess his sister the princess
Elizabeth the King's sister and
Santorre General of the forces).

Queen. By Lewis, my Lord, my husband,

Lewis. O heart burst not thy prison and thou ly soul
hold yet a while lest dying thus oe'r joyd
with earthly bliss my maker should forget me

Queen. O, never my Lewis thy peace is nide
two cherubs have sent prisons to hav'n

To blot out a world of sins, thine are few:
Your babes, your weeping children look on them.

Dr. John. Yes look on us, we have listed forth our pr'yrs
Indeed we have and our Father tells us
that God doth read our hearts & so he may
'twas himself alone that gave us those thoughts
we but receiv'd them sent them back againe.

Daughter. Look on these beads, I've told them o're and o're
and here my father here is one alone
and parted from the rest, that is your bead
and see I've worn it smooth with kissing it.

Lotto. O Innocence, O blisse'd sister of man
Come to my arms that I may kiss the lips
that knew so well to intercede for me.

(He kisses his children).

Eliza-
beth, the
King's
sister. By gentle brother I know your feelings
Let erain not all your tears save one for me
Your loving sister that hath wept woe nights
In memory of you. O grant but this
and I will rock the rain distilling clouds
with weeping. (King embrases his sister).

Joint. It grieves me Sir to tell you, but indeed
Time's glass hath run the hour, you must away

King. Sir, I attend you on the instant.

Queen. Aye and I shall thither also.

King. Not so

Our children yet remain who n^o to your care
First teach them to love you as a parent
and think my sister their second mother
but if mischance should give my son the crown
Instruct him to live in the people's hearts
Lid him forget his father's injustice
and should he ere know the causes of them
Let melting pity teach him to ~~forget~~ forgive.
But some there are have perished in my cause
the offspring of such he must remember
For unto them he owes a sacred debt
Bid him repay it trifle, should fortune
e're grace him with her smiles, touch him but this
and you fulfill a dying husband's ~~prayer~~
And set the mother's part. Adieu, fare ye well.

Queen. The anguish of my soul stops all utterance. (The King embraces
King. Farewell my children & my sweet ~~angels~~ ^{the Queen.} (the King kisses
Protect and hover o're your innocence.
Sister adieu we shall yet meet smiling (embraces his sister).
Guards I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.

Exit.

By Wm. H. Ireland.

Persons herein represented

Men.

Lewis the XVI late King of France
The Dauphin his son, then a child
The King's confessor
General General of the Parisian Forces

Woman

Maria Antoniette Queen of France
The Princess Maria Theresa Charlotte her daughter
Madame Elizabeth Sister to the King

Scene, A. Prison. Lewis just risen from his couch.
Sweet sleep this night have rock'd me in her arms
And here from heaven I see pitying angel care
To frost with my dreams my core worn breast
The glittering tear still trembling in my eye
For very joy, and then a voice so soft
So manfully sweet still'd on my heart
In silvery accents thus addressing me
"Grande Seigneur sleep! Sleep sweet innocence
Ere long thy patient and virtuous spirit
Free'd from its earthly cloak shall take its flight
And joyful meet me on the upper bower,
The honey'd music of this voice I have ceased
Since which my wretched brain has been smot'red

With pleasure and delightful fantasy,
heaven's here to day 'tis my last dream on earth
And if as 'tis said Sleep be death's image
Would I had never from you such a rose
But slept and slept a long slumbery.
Yet hold, such men we're made as day or do.
One vision yields perhaps O'rewards to check
Which soon into a void paleness turns
And then all rot and waste away. O! with
Milton. see this from song of Horas
They have a myriad of grinning skulls
They twisted is a lury mouth in s puma
Mather, in the last song. They have
A toothless jaw and sum each cavity
A winged arrow sprays with poison fast
Thus incircled is this Monarch's temple
But now we're his gaudy brough
Deep in each socket rolls a pallid flame
Getting it self up on a molten pang
And being grinning at the new-born babe
Triumphantly seals it on his own
Whilst from his jaws the flesh devoring worms
Fantastic turn around his chattering teeth
Kissing his marred lips. O, horrible!

The dread thought chills and unerves my mortal
A moment then the brain regendered of late
Lost in imagination ~~awake~~ kindle a flame
That you like sun cannot quell.

O mighty and omnipotent Father
Terrible and all dread God of Justice
That from the adamantine gates of heaven
Woul't down the swift and rattling tempest
In whose right hand the ready lightning flares
To thee O Lord incomprehensible.

To thee I kneel and humbly beg for mercy
Support me through this last day of trial
With sweet hope my unquiet wife
My babes my innocent maidens
Save them, and with a mercy scaling ness
Take them never to thy bosom ind.

Enough, my soul is now prepar'd for death
(Enters the long exposure)

Lord. How fares my human Lord?

Lew. Why, well my friend

As an innocent dying man should be
Firm, steady, and resigned to meet no fit.
But say how fares my queen, my ~~children~~
Children too? (Leaves stage)

Conf. Even as the chaste unsullied snowdrops
Melt in the air before a winter's sun
So they dissolve in pure unfeigned tears
Themselves the sun cause of all their sorrows
Lewis Alas! for them and not myself I weep
I've gone this world's pilgrimage they
have not

O! 'tis a rugged path and no man knows
The cost of his own life. The bloom of flor'r
Bedeck'd in all its gaudy Lucy
Should it escape slight's damp and chilling
blast

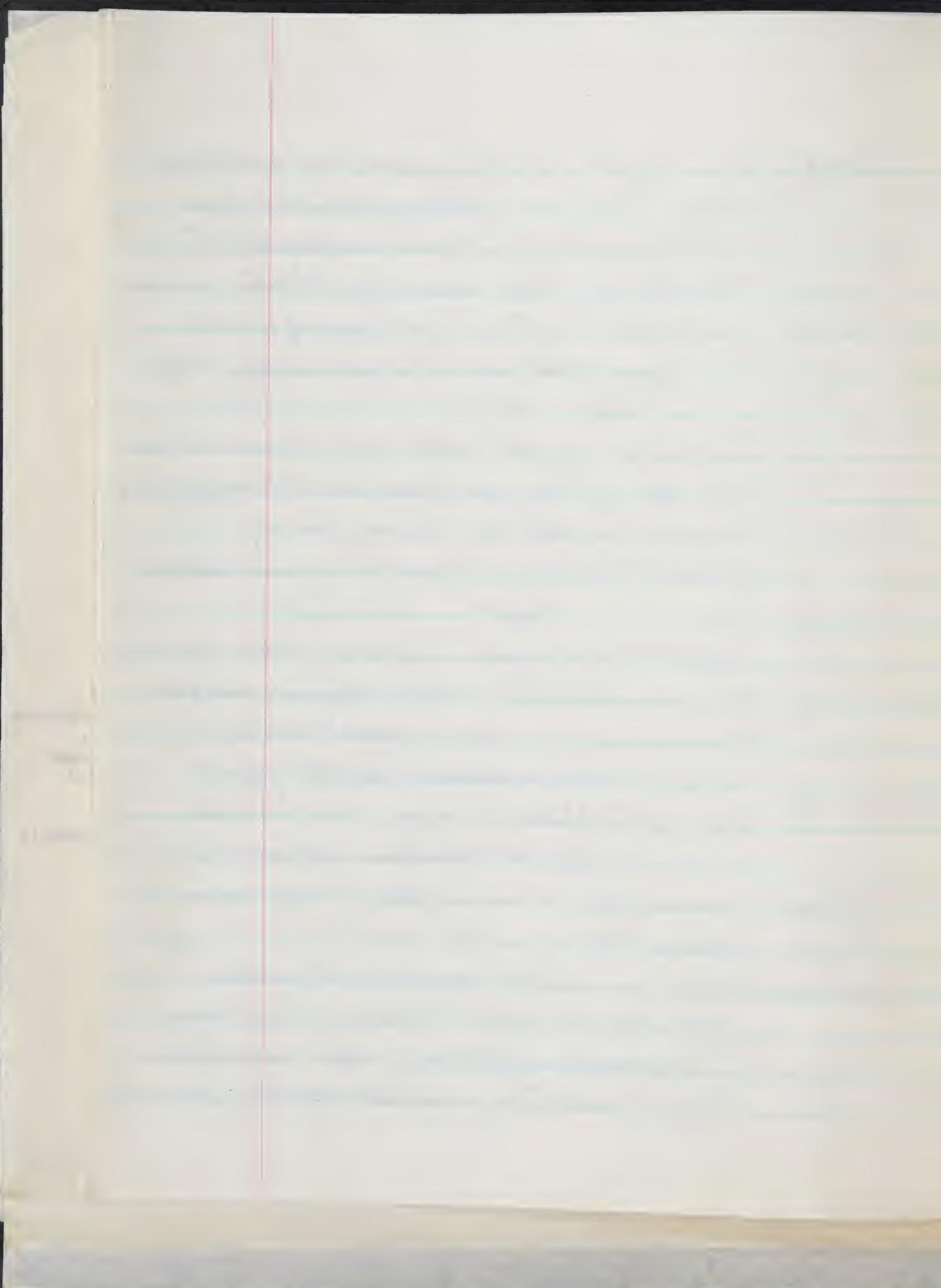
Is but reserv'd for the dread gard'ner's knife
To man though he scape dangers manifold
Perils unheard of yet he must be cropt
And trod upon unheeded as the flow'r
'Tis strange 'tis wonderful, alas 'tis true.

(Enter Santerre the General)

San. I come here to warn you of my order
Lewis Speak General what is it?

San. One hour is left you of the which
My order is that I conduct you hence.

Lewis I understand, but my wife, my children
May I not take a last and long farewell?



Saint. That we are by the command of your
Lord when it shall please you to admit them
Myself will be their conductor further.

Lewis. My time is short do it on the instant
(Exit Dantene)

And if the blessings of a dying man
O'er aught avail, then surely them must mine.

Being the herald of such welcome news.

Conf. Good my Lord compose yourself this meeting
Needs all your firmness and resolution

Lewis. I could be calm even on ~~these~~ Passions
tops

When seas of ~~air~~ were swelling to its brim
That must o'erwhelm me. But to have a ~~host~~
A parent's sorrows and not show them
At such a time as this, would stamp me base
I should betray a lack of charity

That great heav'n kissing attribute in man
Without which true virtue cannot exist.

(Enter Maria Antoinette, the Dauphin, the
Prince his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, the King,
Sister and Dantene, Son of the Queen)

Queen. My Lewis, my Lord, my husband,

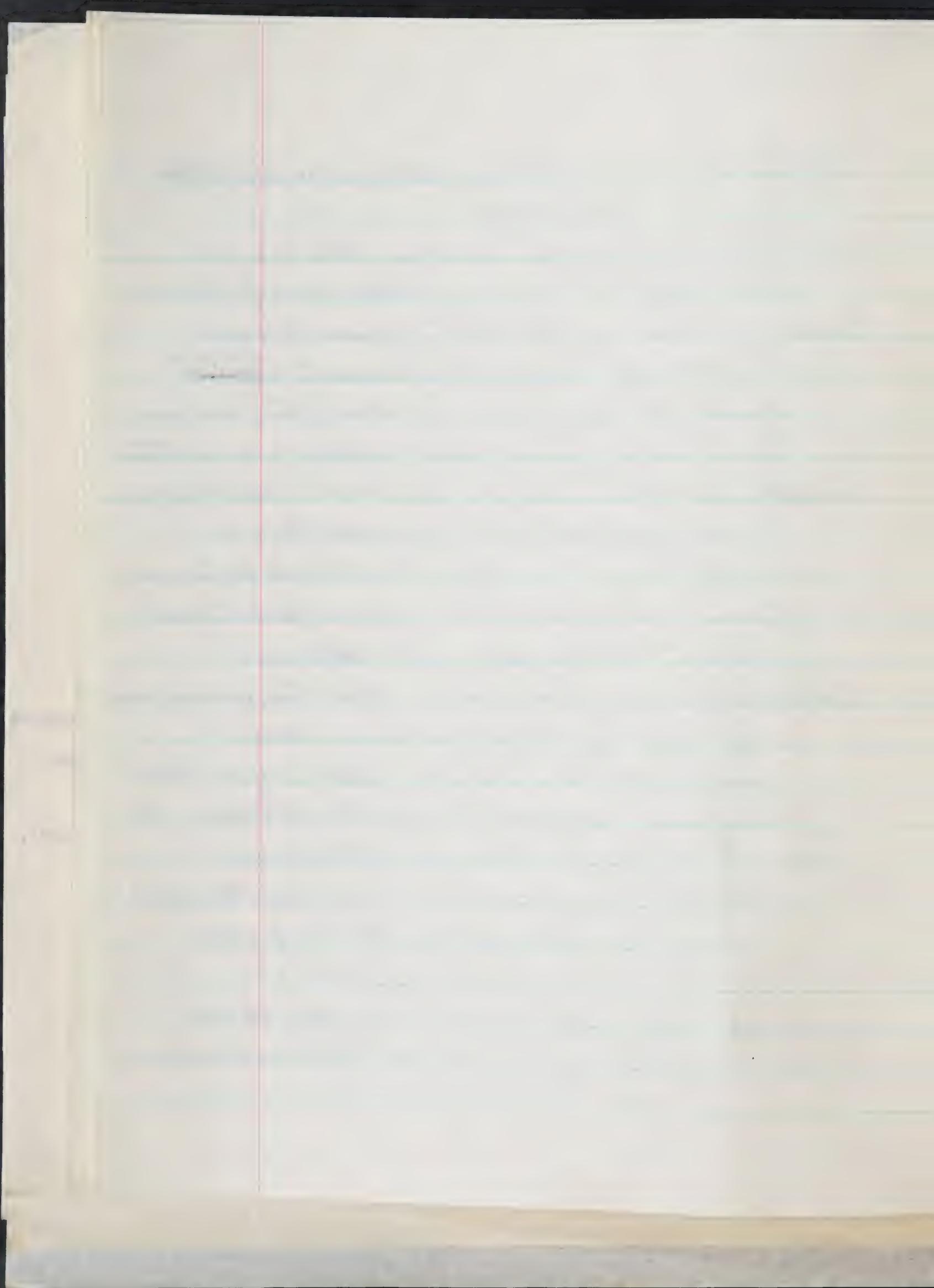
Lewis. O faint burst out thy prison and thon
my word

Hold yet awhile less dying thus o'erjoy'd
What earthly bliss my Master should forget me

Queen. O, never my Lewis thy peace is made
Two Cherubs have sent orisons to ~~heav'n~~^{near'n}
Would blot out a world of sins, thine are few;
Your babes, your weeping children look on them.
Dauphin Yes look on us, we have leis'd forth our pray'rs
Indeed we have and our Mother tells us
That God doth read our hearts and so he may
Jesus himself above that gave us ~~those~~ thoughts
We but receiv'd them back again.

Daughter, look on these beads, I told them o'er and o'er
And here my Father here is one alone
And parted from the rest, that is your bead
And see I've worn it smooth with kissing it.
Lewis. O innocence, O blessed state of man
Come to my arms that I may kiss the lips
that knew so well to intercede for me
(He kisses his children)

Elizabeth My gentle brother I know your feelings
the King said Set down not all your tears have one source



Your loving sister that have wept whole nights
in memory of you. O grant but this
And I will mock the rain distilling clouds
With weeping. (King embraces his sister)

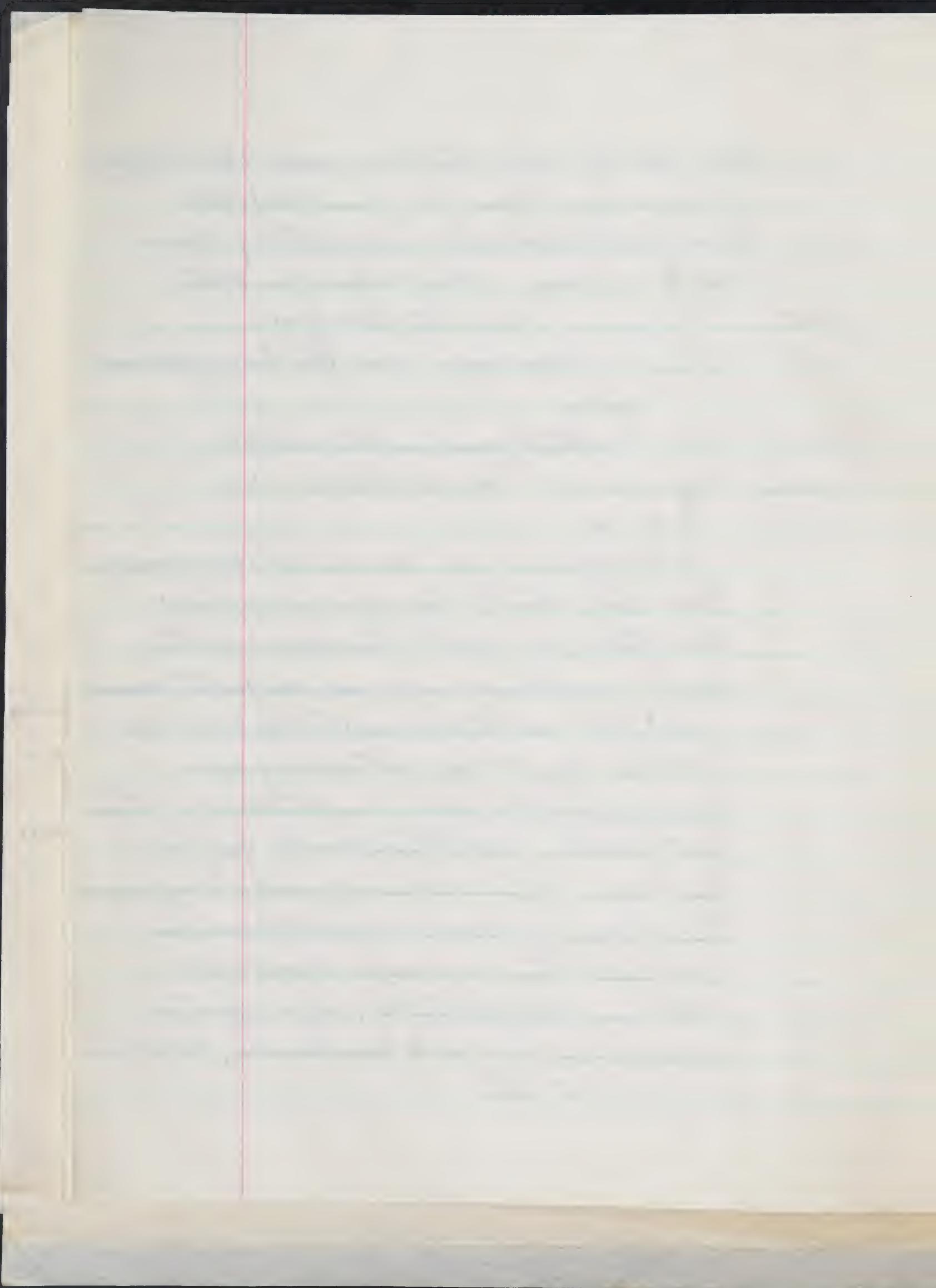
Sant. It grieves me Sir to tell you
Time's glass have run the hour, you must
away

King Sir, I attend you on the instant.

Queen Aye and I shall thither also.

King Not so.

Our children yet remain who need your care
First teach them to love you as a parent
And think my sister Sir is and mother
But if mischance should give my son the crown
Instruct him to live in the people's hearts
Bid him forget his father's injuries
And should he e're know the cause of them
Let melting pity teach him to forgive.
But some there are have perished in my cause
The offspring of such he must remember
For unto them he owes a sacred debt
Bid him repay it treble, should fortune
E're grace him with her smiles, teach him
but this



And you fulfil a dying husband's pray'r
and act the mother's part. Now fare ye well
Queen. The anguish of my soul stays all utterance.

(The King embraces the Queen)

King (The King kisses his children)

Farewell my children and may sweet angels
Protect and hover o'er your innocence.

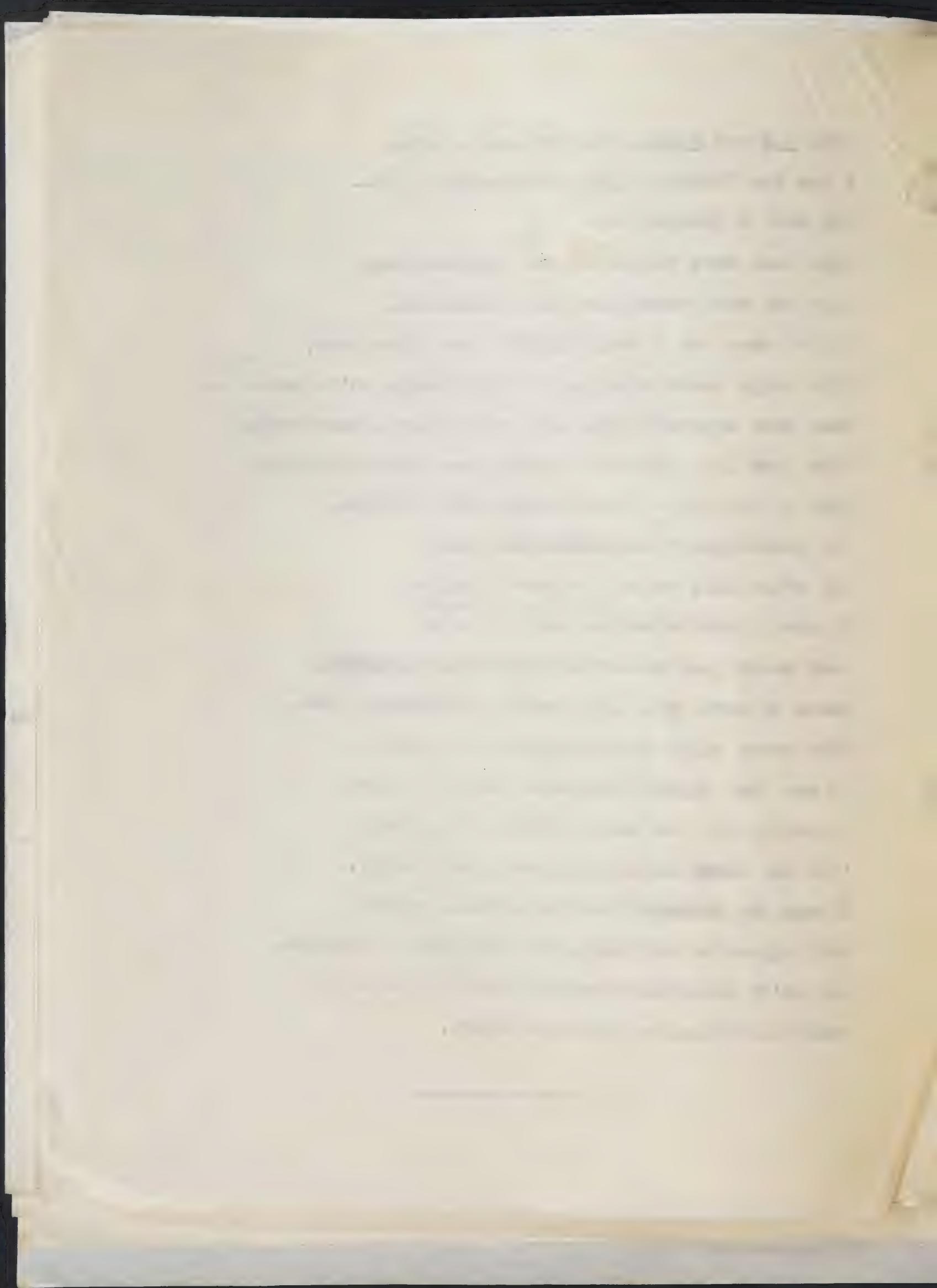
Another adieu we shall yet ^{not} ~~soon~~ ^{soon} smile on

(Embraces his sister)

Guards I attend. Farewell - adieu - adieu.

(Exit)

With Dick and Natty, Lady Winsie's maid,
I saw the folks all go to Lasquerade ----
La! what a jumble! ----
They, some were ragged as our thrasher Ben;
Some were women, and some women men.
But at some men I laugh'd, still more than that,
With large loose sleeves, and with their O'ra hat----
That poor squeez'd hat, that makes your London boy
Look just like taylors carrying home black cloaths.
This is not all - I've likewise been to view,
The paintings at the Exhibition too:
But after all, to see the rarest sight,
Is that I see before me here to night;
Such sweet good nature and such winning grace,
Dews in each eye, and cloaths each lovely face.
That ev'ry sight is now forgot - but one --
To see that sight a thousand miles I'd run,
To praise it I am sur', you'll all agree,
'Tis our lov'd King, his Queen, and Prilly.
O! may the choicest blessings still attend
Old England's Sov'reign, and his people's friend,
May ev'ry bliss kind heaven still has in store
Await that King we honor and adore.



Written by Mr. Henry Ireland at the instigation of a
gentleman who had doubt of his being capable of writing
in the manner of the Shakespere MSS. or of his being
author of Vortigen & Henry 2nd. With a Specimen of Mr.
Henry Irelands imitation of the hand writing of
Shakespere .(exactly similar to the pretended MSS.)
written by him in my presence & delivered to me Febry. 15.
1800.

B. Stratton.

Persons herein represented.

Hen.

Lewis the XVI. late King of France
The Dauphin his son, then a child
The King's confessor
Santerre General of the Parisian Forces.

Marie.

Maria Antoniette Queen of France.
The Princess Maria Teresa Charlotte her daughter
Madam Elizabeth sister to the King.

Scene, a Prison. Lewis just risen from his Couch.
Sweet sleep this night hath rocked me in her arms
And pure from heav'n some pitying angel came
To sooth with airy dreams my care worn breast
The glittering tear stood trembling in myne eye
For very joy, and then a voice so soft

so melancholly sweet thrill'd on my heart
In silvery accents thus addressing me
"gentle Lewis sleep: Sleep sweet innocence
Are long thy patient and saint like spirit
Free'd from its earthly cloak shall take its flight
And joyful meet me in the upper heaven
The honey'd music of this voice then ceased
Since which my wandering brain hath been engag'd
With pleasing and delusive fantasies.

Heavens ill be done its my last dream on Earth
And if as 'tis said sleep be death's image
Would I had never from yon couch arose
But slept and dreamt a long Eternity.

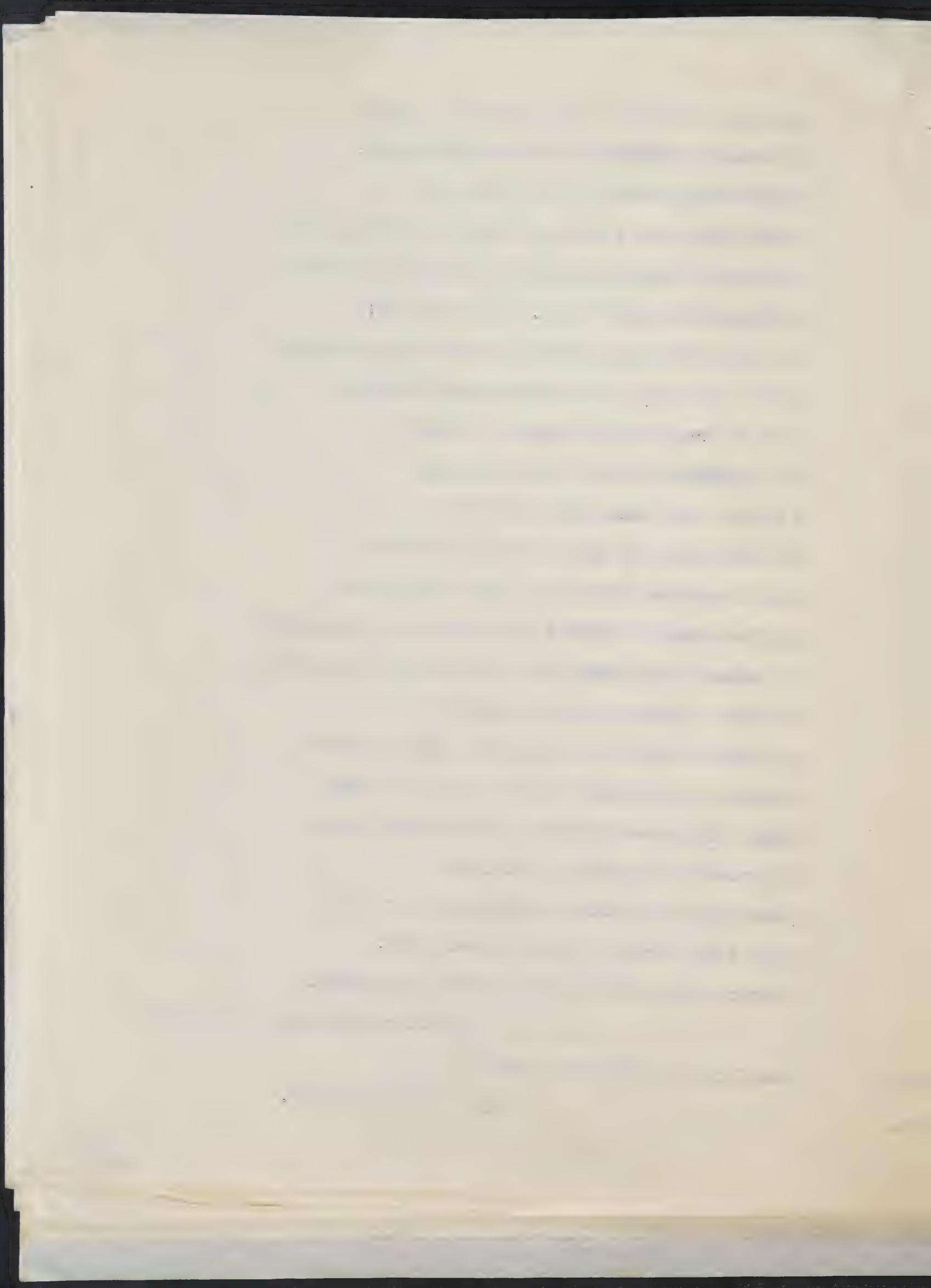
Let hold, dead men ne're smile as sleeping do.
One crimson flush perhaps overpreads the cheek
Which soon into a livid paleness turns
And then all rots away. O. Doth
methinks I see thee grim King of Horrors
Thy throne's a myriad of grinning skulls
Thy Footstool is a lusty youth in's prime
Wresting in the last agony. Thy crown's
A toothless jaw and from each cavity
"a winged arrow" springs with poison tipped
Thus incircled is this monarche to die
But how impene his ghostly visage
Deep in each socket rows a pallid flame

gutting bucket to on a tortois shell
and a wiper spinning at the news in some
triumphant sees it for his own
whilst from his jaws the flesh devouring worm
entwistick twine around his chattering teeth
kissing his horrid lips. O, horrible!
The dread thought chills & amazeth my mad blood
Avant then thou brain engendered spectre
lest my imagination kindle a flame
This godlike reason cannot quell.
O mighty and omnipotent Father
Terrible and all dread god of justice
that from the edantine gates of heaven
hurl'st down the swift rattling thunderbolt
in whose right hand the deadly lightning glares
to thee O Lord incomprehensible
to thee I kneel and trembling beg for mercy
support me through this last day of trial
Cheer with sweet hope my unprotected wife
my babes my innocent pretenders
Save them, and with a mercy sealing kiss
Take them forever to thy bosom Lord.
Enough, my soul is now prepared for death.

(Enter the Kings Confessor).

Conf. How fares my honour'd Lord?

Low. Why, well my friend.



as an innocent dying he should be
firm, steady, and resigned to meet his fate.

But say how does my Queen, my children too (Lewis weeps)
Conf.

Even as the chaste musilli a snowdrop
Melting in the air before a winter's sun
So they dissolve in pure unfeigned tears
Yourself the sun cause of all their sorrows

Lew. Alas! for them and not myself I weep

I've gone this world's pilgrimage they have not
O! this a rugged path and no man knows
the cast of his own die. The blooming flow'r
Bedeck'd in all its gaudy livery
Should it escape slyles day and chilling blast
Is but resvra for the drede gardners knife
So man though he escape dangers manifold
Perils unheard of yet he must be crost
And trod upon unheeded as the flow'r
Tis strange tis wonderful, alas tis true.

(Enter Bauterre the General).

Sam. I come sire to warn you of my order

Lewis. Speak general what is it

Sam. One hour is left you after the which my order is that
I conduct you hence.

Lewis. I understand, but my wife, my children
May I not take one last and long farewell?

Sant. That Sire is by the severally granted
and when it shall please you to admit them
myself will be their conductor hither.

Lewis. By time is short do it on the instant.

(exit Santerre).

and if the blessings of a dying man
can aught avail, then surely thou hast mine
being herald of such welcome news.

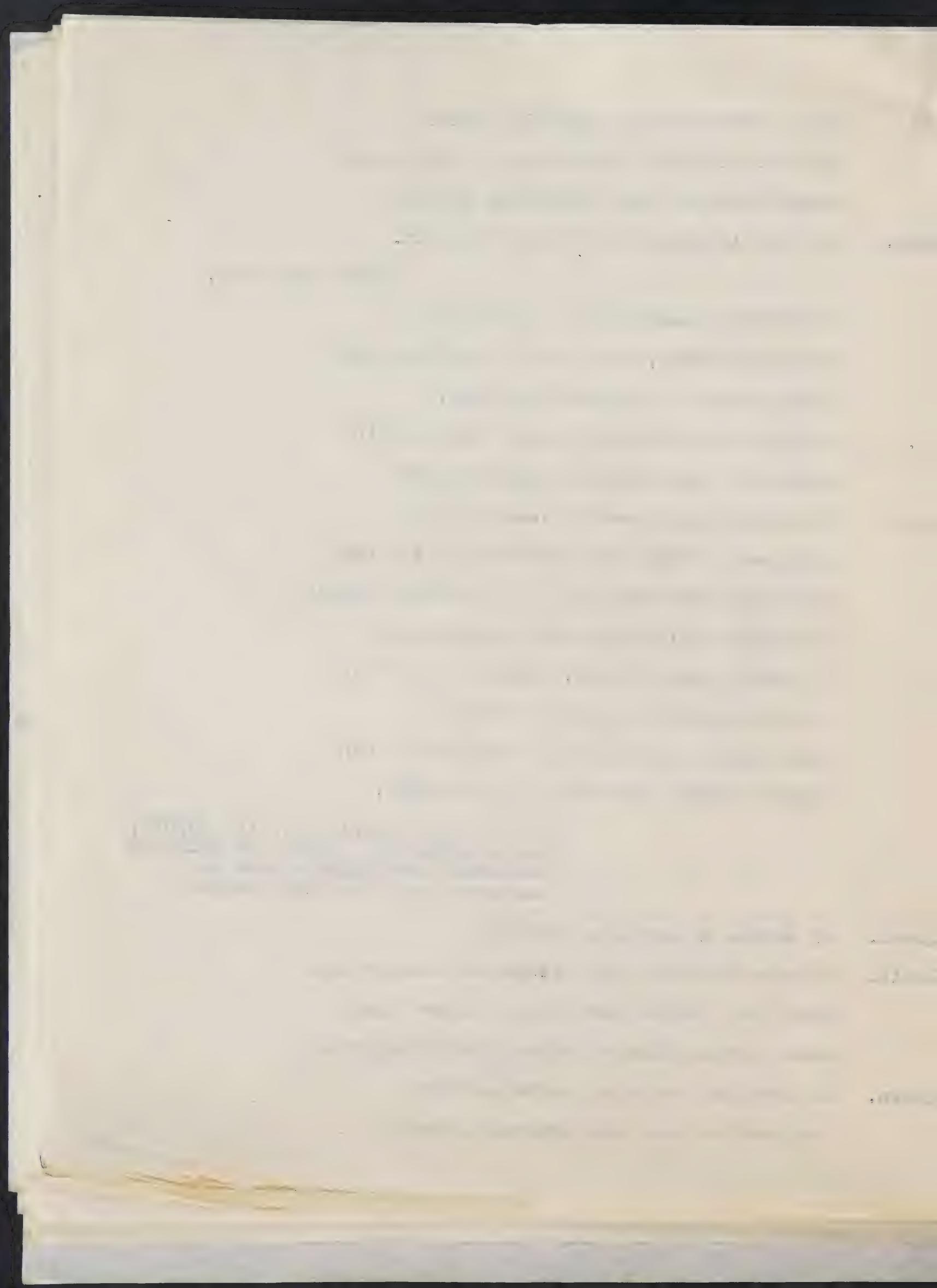
Lord. Good my Lord compose yourself this meeting
needs all your firmness and resolution
Lewis I could be calm even on Vessuvius top
when seas of fire were swelling to its brim
that must oe'rwhelm me. But to have a heart
a parents feelings and not to show them
At such a time as this, would stifle the base
I should betray a lack of charity
that great heav'n kissing attribute in man
without which true virtue cannot exist.

(Enter Maria Antoinette, the Dauphin,
the princess his sister the princess
Elizabeth the King's sister and
Santerre general of the forces).

Queen. By Lewis, my Lord, my husband,

Lewis. O heart burst not thy prison and thou my soul
hold yet a while lest dying thus oe'r joyd
with earthly bliss my maker should forget me

Queen. O, never my Lewis thy peace is rare
two cherubs have sent orisons to heav'n



Would blot out a world of sins, thine are few:
Your babes, your weeping children look on them.

Dauphin. Yes look on us, we have lispd forth our prayrs
indeed we have and our Mother tells us
that God doth read our hearts & so he may
'twas himself alone that gave us those thoughts
we but receiv'd then sent them back againe.

Daughter. Look on these beads, I've told them ore and ore
and here my father here is one alone
and parted from the rest, that is your bead
and see I've worn it smooth with kissing it.

Lewis. O Innocence, O blessed state of man
Come to my arms that I may kiss the lips
that knew so well to intercede for me.

(He kisses his children).

Eliza- My gentle brother I know your feelings
beth, the Yet drain not all your tears save one for me
King's Your loving sister that hath wept whole nights
sister In memory of you. O grant but this
and I will mock the rain distilling clouds
with weeping. (King embraces his sister).

Sant. It greives me Sir to tell you, but indeed
Times glass hath run the hour, you must away

King Sir, I attend you on the instant.

Queen. Aye and I shall thither also.

King. Not so

Our children yet remain who need your care
First teach them to love you as a parent
and think my sister their second mother
But if mischance should give my son the crown
Instruct him to live in the peoples hearts
Bid him forget his fathers injuries
and should he ere know the causes of them
Let melting pity teach him to ~~forgiv~~ forgive.
But some there are have perishd in my cause
the offspring of such he must remember
For unto them he owes a sacred debt
Bid him repay it treble, should fortune
e're grace him with her smiles, teach him but
and you fulfill a dying husband's prayr
And act the mother's part. Now fare ye well.

The anguish of my soul stops all utterance. (The King embraces the Queen.)

Farewell my children & may sweet angels (the King kisses his children.)

Protect and hover o're your innocence.

Sister adieu we shall yet meet smiling (Embraces his sister).

Guards I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.

Exit.

7

out eligible for reward who need your care
First lesson after of love son as a parent
sons think of a father their second lesson
not fit measure should give the son the crowd
inherent him to live in the people's nestle
big man forget his insatiable injurious
and should be the know the cause of them
per muffling first lesson him to ~~know~~ forgive
put same time she have bearing in the cause
the offspring of man is man's remember
not who friend he owes a second debt
big man lesson is triple, saying fortune
else rescue him with her names, lesson him but this
and you fulfill a giving husband, a brat
and set the master, a brat, now there be well.
The saying of the body above all difference.
the master in addition a very sweet saying
protecting master, of the son, innocence.
whether when we shall yet meet him living
graduate I stepping. Between-sighon-sighon.